WITH YOUR NEIGHBORS?

If so, ask them what they think of

(CEYLON TEA)

Sold in lead packets only dropped a tear or two to the child's memory.

Black or Mixed. All grocers.

Ring; ring; ring, Rather a louder peal this time, as if a little impatience now mingled with the reluctance.

Flinging on a warm shawl, and putting her feet into her shoes, Jelly proceeded to the front-room — Mrs. Cumberland's chamber when she was at home-threw up the wincow, and called to know who was there. little man, stepping back from the door into the bright moonlight, looked up to answer— and Jelly recognized the form and voice of

Ketler.
"It's me," said he.
"You!" interrupted Jelly, not allowing the
"You!" interrupted Jelly, not allowing the want here at this hour?" "I came to tell you the news about poor

Cissy. She's dead."
"Couldn't it wait?" tartly returned Jelly, overlooking the sad nature of the tidings in her anger at having been disturbed. Would it have run away, that you must come and knock fo ks up to tell it, as if you'd been the telegraph?"

"It was my wife made me come," spoke Ketler, with much humility. "She's in a peck o' grief, Jelly, and nothing would do but I must come right off and tell you; she shought, mayhap, you'd not be gone to

"Not gone to bed at midnight!" retorted Jelly. And there it is, striking; if you've any ears to hear. You must be a fool, "Well, I'm sorry to have disturbed you,

said the man, with a sigh. "I wouldn't have done it myself; but poor Susan was taking on so, I couldn't deny her. We was

all so fond of the child; and—and—"
Ketler broke down. The man had loved his child; and he was weak and faint with hunger. It a little appeased Jelly. I suppose you don't expect me to dress myself and come off to Susan at this hour?" she exclaimed, her tone, however, not quite

"Law, bless you, no," answered Ketler.
"What good would that do? It couldn't bring Cissy back to life again." "Ketler, it's just this-instead of being

upset with grief, you and Susan might be thankful the child's taken out of the trouble of this world. She won't be crying for food where she's gone, and find none. The man's grief was renewed at the last suggestion. But Jelly had really meant it in the light of consolation.

"She was your god-child, Jelly."

"You needn't tell me that," answered
Jelly, "Could I have saved her life at any
The tissue of the liver is constant.

The tissue of the liver is constant. rouble or cost. I would have done it. If I had a home of my own I'd have taken her to

it, but I'm only in service, as you know. Ketler, it is the strike that has killed that child. Ketler was silent. extra comforts; as long as you were in work she had them, but when that dropped off, of

course the child suffered. And now she's gone. She is better off, Ketler."
"Yes," assented the man as if he were heart-broken. "If it wasn't for the thought of the rest, I should wish it was me that

Was gone instead."
"Well, give my love to Susan and say I'm
sorry for it altogether, and I'll come down sometime in the morning. And, look here, Ketler-what about the money for the burial? You've nothing towards it, I sup-

"Not a penny," moaned Ketler.
"Well, I know you wouldn't like the poor little thing to be buried by the parish, so I'll see what's to be done, tell Susan. Good-

Jelly shut down the window sharply. She really looked upon the strike as having led to the child's death—and remotely possibly it had done so; so what with that, and the untimely disturbance, her anger was some-

What excusable.
In passing across the landing to her own chamber, the large window became sudden-ly illuminated. Jelly stopped. Her heart, as she would herself have expressed it, leaped into her mouth. The light came from the outside: no doubt from Dr. Rane's. dely stood motionless. And then—what desperate courage impelled her she never knew, but believed afterwards it must have been something akin to the fascination of the basilisk-she advanced to the window,

and drew aside the white blind. But she did not see Bessy Rane this time, as perhaps she had expected; only her husband. Dr. Rane had a candle in his hand, and was apparently picking up some-thing he had dropped quite close to his own window. In another moment he lodged the candle on a chair that stood there, so as to have both hands at liberty, Jelly watched. What he had dropped appeared to be several articles of his deceased wife's clothing, some of which had unfolded in the fail. He soon had them within his arm again, caught up the candle, and went downstairs. Jelly saw and recognized one beautiful Indian shaw!, which had been a present from her own

mistress to Bessy. "He is going to pack them up and sell them, the wicked man!" spoke Jelly in her conviction. And her ire grew very great against Dr. Rane. "I'd almost rather have seen the spirit of his poor wife again than this," was her comment, as she finally went

into her room. Putting aside all the solemn doubts and fears that were making havor with Jelly's mind, her curiosity was insatiable. Perhaps no woman in all Dallory had so great a propensity for prying into other people's affairs as she. Not, it must be acknowledged, to harm them, but simply to gratify

her inquisitiveness. On the following morning, when Jelly attired herself to go to Ketler's after breakfast-the meal being seasoned throughout with reproaches to Dinah for not hearing the night-beil-she bethought herself that she would first of all step into the next door. Ostensibly with the neighbory object of informing Phillis of the death of the child; really, to pick up any items of imformation that might be floating about.

ARE YOU ON SPEAKING TERMS Dr. Rane, it may be here remarked, had given Molly Green a character to get herself another situation, preferring to retain the elder servant, Phillis' who, however, only went to him by day. The doctor was alone in his house at night, and Jelly be-lieved he dared not have even old Phillis in, knowing it was haunted. He made no secret now of his intention of quitting Dallory. As soon as his practice should be disposed of, and the tontine money paid

over to him, away he would go.

Jelly coolly walked out of the window of
Mrs. Cumber and's dining-room, and through that of the doctor's. She had seen him go out some little time before. Phillis was upstairs, putting her master's chamber to rights, and Jelly sought her there. She described the fright Ketler had given her by coming at midnight to bring the news about Cissy; and Phillis, whose heart was tender,

Cissy had been loved by every one. "Miss Dallory will be sorry to hear this when she comes back," remarked Phillis.
"I say, Phillis, what does your master mean to do with Mrs. Rane's clothes?'

abruptly asked Jelly.
Phillis, dusting the looking-glass at the moment, paused in her occupation, as if considering.

"I'm sure I don't know, Jelly, He pointed out a few of the plain things to me one day, and said I might divide them between myself and Molly Green, but that he wouldn't like to see us wear them till he was gone away. As of course we shouldn't, being in black for her.

"She had lots of beautiful clothes. I'm sure the shawls, and scarfs, and embroidered robes, and worked petticoats, and other valuable Indian things that my mistress was always giving her, would have set up any lady's wardrobe. What will he do

Phillis shook her head, and pointed to a high chest of drawers. Her heart was full yet when she spoke of her late mistress.

"They are all in there, Jelly."

Are they, thought Jelly. But Phillis was going down now, her occupation ended. Jelly lingered behind, and put her black bonnet out at the window, as if looking at something up the road. When Phillis had descended the stairs, Jelly tried the drawers. All were locked except one. That one, which Jelly softly drew open, was filled with articles belonging to the late Mrs. Rane; none of them, as far as Jelly could gather by the cursory glance, of much

"Yes," she said bitterly. "He keeps these open for show, but he is sending away the best. Those other drawers, if they

could be looked into, are empty."

It ever Jelly had been startled in all her life at human footstep, it was to hear that of Dr. Rane on the stairs. How she closed the drawer, how she got her head stretched out at the window again as far as it would stretch, she nardly knew. The doctor came | Myers as captains was the principal event. in. Jelly, bringing in her head, apparently as much surprised as if a rhinoceros had waked into the room, apologized and explained rather lamely. She supposed Phillis must have gone down, she said, while she was watching that impudent butcher's boy; she had made bold to step up to tell Phillis about Ketler's little girl. (To be Continued.)

A Source of Dyspepsia. A fruitful source of dyspepsia is the habit of eating too rapidly and washing the food down with drink, instead of chewing it thoroughly so as to moisten every article of food with the saliva of the mouth. When serious complications do result calomel and other poisonous drugs should not be re-sorted to. Eseljay's Liver Lozenges will Conductor John Fitzgerald slipped and fell other poisonous drugs should not be repositively cure these troubles without on the ice, breaking three ribs. injury to the system. They are 25 cents a

The tissue of the liver is composed of an nmense number of polygonal masses from (Agent for the ADYERTISER, James Fleming.) a sixteenth to a twelfth of an inch in diameter.

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Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant. There are over 3,000 ancient towers in Aristotle down, has ever been able to

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Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

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At Bombay 24 inches of rain have fallen in a day; at Genoa, 30; at Gibraltar, 33.

California Prunes,

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NEW TABLE AND COOKING FIGS AND RAISINS NEW CANNED GOODS.

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OIL SPRINGS.

(Agent for the ADVERTISER, Thos. Smith.) Nov. 26 .- A storehouse belonging to Mr. R. W. Gorsline, in which was stored about \$600 worth of manufacturers' bent supplies, was totally destroyed by fire last Thursday night. This is the second disaster that has befallen Mr. Gorsline from the same cause recently. About two months ago his barn and its contents were rendered a complete loss, resulting from some children playing

with matches in the building.

Thaksgiving was generally observed as a holiday in the village. All the stores were closed and business of any nature for the most part was suspended. Special services were held in the Methodist and English Churches in the evening.

A sudden death occurred in this village on Tuesday night. Mr. John Griff, a much respected farmer of this place, although ailing with liver troubles for some time, was not regarded by the doctors as being seriiously ill, and great was the surprise of the community to learn that he had suddenly passed away on the above date. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Daly on Thursday (Thanksgiving) and were well attended, considering the almost impassable condition of the roads.

One of the disadvantages under which Oil Springs has had to labor is the lack of a grain market and flour mill. This want is about to be supplied, as came out at the last meeting of the school board, where Mr. M. Knittle made application for the old school site on which to build a grain warehouse, and states that if successful he will in the near future erect a roller mill. This is an exceptionally good point for an industry of the kind, situated in the center of a tertile district. Oil Springs is a thriving village of over 1,000 inhabitants, where farmers are drawn by a higher price paid for all other kinds of produce than they receive elsewhere. This would be of incalculable value to a mill located here, and we predict that success will crown the efforts of Mr. Knittle.

On Thursday afternoon, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Dotterer, Main street, Miss Hannah Dotterer, of this place, was united in marriage to Mr. Williams, of Sayre, Penn., by the Rev. C. Daly, B. A., Presbyterian pastor, of this village. The bride was assisted by her sister, white Mr. John Head acted as groomsman. After the wedding the newly married couple took the evening train for Petrolea, thence to their home in Sayre, where Mr. Williams is a railroad engineer.

MIDDLESEX MATTERS.

A Delaware correspondent writes as follows: Thanksgiving in this vicinity was the scene of much sport. A hunting match with Mr. Fred Eichenberger and Mr. Chris. An enthusiastic hunt ensued all day and until 8 o'clock in the evening, when the game was all collected at the Queen's Arms Hotel for the count. This was the exciting mement. All were anxious to know which side was to pay for the luxurious supper awaiting them. The figures showed a majority in Fred's favor of 1,41 points. The hungry hunters did ample justice to the rich repast, after which the dining-room was cleared and a very pleasant night was spent. All were much delighted at the way the nunt was conducted. The highest count obtained was brought in by Dan Scott, one of the winning side. His count alone was 587 points.

While walking on the top of a car in the performance of his duty the other night, as

BOTHWELL.

Nov. 26.-During the past week there has been considerable stir in town, occasioned probably by the many family reunions and social gatherings consequent upon the national Thanksgiving, which brought

thither many visitors. We recognized several familiar faces after their protracted absence, some of whom are looking for suitable locations for their permanent return. The few vacant houses which awaited occupants for some months are being picked up, and properties are changing hands. The business outlook is more encouraging, and these facts are causes for thankfulness, apart from the spiritual aspect of things. The beautiful morning of last Thursday brought into town many vehicles filled with celebrants for the Thanksgiving, and the well-filled Presby. terian Church, wherein Rev. Mr. Fansher, of the Methodist Church, conducted union service, evidenced a truly Christian spirit, The occupant of the pulpit delivered a splendid discourse from the prayer of David—Psalms, exvi., 12, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits"—which should prompt every Christian to think of the multifarious blessings which our

Creator has heaped upon us. Amongst the many visitors, most of whom took advantage of the chean railway fares, we noticed Dr. Orchard, V.S., from Windsor; Mr. Cornish, late school principal here. Sardinia, the object of which no one, from from Chatham, who is sojourning at the Aristotle down, has ever been able to manse; W. Davidson, of Stratford; W. Anderson and wife (nee McVittie), from Detroit; A. Edwards, from Glence; Mr. Lefevre, from Parkhill; Miss Shepherd, of Newbury; — Mills, of Wardsville; Mr. Abbott, of British Columbia, besides numerous strangers, who all had their friends or relatives. Dr. Wilson and wife, from London, were also in town, likewise Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Dalzell, former residents here.

from Chatham. Death has again cut the brittle thread of life, and we now record the burial on Saturday of Mrs. Mary Caton, aged 73, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Osman, section boss on the C. P. R., North Both-

well.
Mr. Larry Mahan, one of our town councilors, is seriously indisposed, but while there is life there is hope.

Mrs. Hawkins has gone to visit her daughter at Talladaga, Alabama, where the will spend the winter. Under the heading "An Old Newspaper,"

the Chatham Banner of the 19th inst. gives the names of some pioneers of Kent county who then supported the London Herald of May, 1843, viz.: George Railton, law agent and conveyancer, London; A. Chewitt, barrister, Sandwich, and W. Eberts, Ceatham. As all west of London at that time formed part of the London district, the article referred to gives the names of the local agents of the Herald in Chatham, Howard, Thamesville, Wallaceburg and Dawn Mills, and adds, "all of whom bave long since passed over to the majority." Mr. Railton being somewhat sensitive on that point, we are authorized to say that he is neither dead nor asleep, and that he purposes shortly to "add an eke" to his reminiscences of London in the early forties. In consequence of Rev. Mr. Davidson's unexpected visit to Montreal, there was no service in the Presbyterian Church yester-

Salt Rheum, with its intense itching, dry. hotskin, is cured by Hood's Earsaparilla be. cause it purifies the blood.

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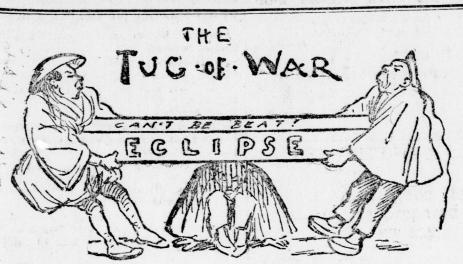
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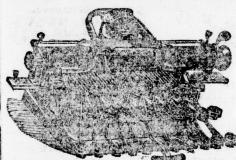
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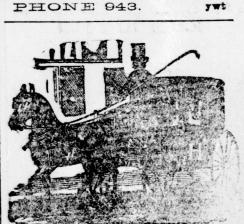
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